

# CUPID'S REVENGE.

Or, An Account of a KING, who slighted all Women, and  
at length was forced to marry a BEGGAR.



**A** King once reign'd beyond the Seas,  
As we in ancient Stories find,  
Whom no Face could ever please,  
He cared not for Woman-kind.

He despis'd the fairest Beauties,  
And the greatest Fortunes too;

At length he marry'd to a Beggar.  
See what Cupid's Darts can do!

The blinded Boy, that shoots so trim,  
Did to his Closet-window steal;  
Then drew a Dart, and shot at him,  
And made him soon his Power feel.

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He that never car'd for Woman,  
But did Females ever hate,  
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,  
For a Beggar at his Gate.

For, mark what happen'd on a Day,  
As he look'd from his Window high,  
He spy'd a Beggar all in grey,  
With two more in her Company.

She his Fancy soon enflamed,  
And his Heart was grieved sore,  
Must I have her, court her, crave her?  
I, that never lov'd before!

This noble Prince of high Renown,  
Did to his Chamber strait repair,  
And on his Couch he laid him down,  
Opprest with love-sick Grief and Care.

Ne'er was Monarch so surprized:  
Here I lie a Captive Slave!  
But I'll to her, court her, woo her,  
She must heal the Wound she gave.

Then to his Palace-gate he goes:  
The Beggars crav'd his Charity.  
A Purse of Gold to them he throws:  
With Thankfulness away they fly.

But the King he call'd her to him,  
Tho' she was but poor and mean.  
His Hand did hold her, while he told her,  
She should be his stately Queen.

At this she blush'd Scarlet-red,  
And on this mighty King did gaze:

Then turn'd again as pale as Lead,  
Alas! she was in such Amaze.

Hand-in-hand they walk'd together,  
And the King did kindly say,  
He'd respect her: — Strait they deckt her  
In most sumptuous rich Array.

He did appoint the Wedding-day,  
And likewise then commanded strait,  
The noble Lords and Ladies gay,  
Upon his gracious Queen should wait.

She appear'd a splendid Beauty;  
All the Court did her adore:  
And in Marriage, with a Carriage,  
As if she had been a Queen before.

Her Fame thro' all the Realm did ring,  
Altho' she came of Parents poor. —  
She by her Sov'reign Lord the King  
Did bear one Son, and eke no more.

All the Nobles were well pleased,  
And the Ladies frank and free.  
For her Behaviour always gave her  
A Title to her Dignity.

At length the King and Queen were laid  
Together in a silent Tomb.  
Their royal Son the Sceptre sway'd,  
Who govern'd in his Father's Room.

Long in Glory did he flourish,  
Wealth and Honour to encrease;  
Still possessing such a Blessing  
That he liv'd and reign'd in Peace.